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*The Life Triumphant
and Other Poems*

Charles Russell Wakeley



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Charles R. Wakeley
January 13, 1912.



MOTHER.

MOTHER.



QUEEN of the quentliest, lover of lovers,
Gentle and kind of life's kindest ones,
Faithful, devoted, the mother of mothers,
All of the world were thy daughters and sons.

Beauty so winsome was never beholden
Impictured on continent, ocean or isle
As that which, love-glimmering, seemed to unfold in
The exquisite, angelic light of thy smile.

Courage? There seemingly never existed
Spirit more dauntless, heroic and brave.
Pain thou bore valiantly, life thou insisted
Was mightier far than the might of the grave.

Mother, our mother, we never can lose thee,
Death cannot claim such a spirit as thine
Sainted by sinners, we know God approves thee
For thou wert immortal and thou wert divine.

LOVINGLY DEDICATED
TO THE
MEMORY OF MY MOTHER
WHOSE LIFE WAS A DIVINE POEM AND
WHOSE PASSING TRIUMPHANT
AND GLORIOUS

THE LIFE
TRIUMPHANT
AND
OTHER POEMS



BY
CHARLES RUSSELL WAKELEY

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THE LIFE TRIUMPHANT



I AM passing through the country of
the stricken and the dying;
I have seen the face of suffering, of
hopelessness and fear;
But I come to voice the knowledge that is
deep and satisfying;
I'm the bearer of glad tidings of good com-
radeship and cheer.

I have come to sound the music of the life
that is eternal;
The life that knows no weakness, limi-
tations, pain or loss;
I have come to sing the beauty of the life
that is supernal;
The sweetness of earth's bitterness, the glory
of her cross.

THE LIFE TRIUMPHANT

I am a voice that crieth in the land of desolation,

Wherein the wails of broken hearts and broken lives are heard;

But I cry of hope's fulfillment—nathless all of time's mutation—

And of joy unmitigated for the doubting, the perturbed.

I raise the song of triumph when the foolish cry disaster;

I emphasize the victory which dying man may claim;

Some tell of life the bond-slave, but I speak of life the master;

I magnify its goodness and I minimize its blame.

I prophesy the riches which the lowly shall inherit;

The bruised ones, the bleeding ones, the burdened ones and sore;

A love which grants abundance, not according to man's merit

But according to man's cravings and the fullness of God's store.

Then let the earth be glad again and let the
heart be brightened!

Let anxiousness be cast aside, the spirit
cease to grieve!

And let the feet untiring move and let the
load be lightened;

Let sorrow in the heart rejoice and unbelief
believe.

For in the great economy of God there's
nothing wasted;

The yearnings of the human heart were
never born in vain;

There shall be greater blessings than this
mortal life hath tasted;

Unending benedictions as the recompense
for pain.

Then let us welcome cheerfully whatever
earth may proffer;

Accept the cup she yields us, drinking
deeply of her wine;

Believing that immortal love pervades what-
e'er she offers;

That all of life at heart is good, compassion-
ate, divine.

MY LIFE.



MY life is rich, abounding, for the
sources when it fills
Are exhaustless and more ancient
than the everlasting hills.

It feeds in pastures ever green where living
waters flow ;

It shelters 'neath the mighty Rock which
naught can overthrow.

It knows no limitations, human weakness or
disease ;

It is flooded by the waters of immeasurable
seas ;

It is the life unfolding in the growing plant and
vine ;

As perfect and as wonderful and even more
divine.

It cannot be inhibited by circumstance of
earth ;

Its wealth cannot be measured in the scales of
human worth ;

Its rise is in the ages of the generations past ;
Its issue in far future generations great and
 vast ;
Its purposes are mightier than thought hath
 yet conceived ;
Its promises more wonderful than any plan
 achieved ;
It finds its own fulfillment in the structure that
 it rears ;
Ill-fashioned oft by human hands and soiled
 by human tears.
It cannot lose itself in death nor waste itself in
 pain ;
But issuing in fuller life, eternal shall remain.

ADVENTURE.



ET me become the strong, adventurous one,
Inspired by lofty purpose, knightly zeal,

With faith unfeignéd who would gladly run
A course untraveled, flinching not to feel
The suffering, the pain, the keen distress
Of wild adventure through life's wilderness
Yet unexplored; yet having heart to trust
That life at core is infinitely good
And wise and true, beneficent and just,
Though oft by ignorance misunderstood,
Despised, dishonored. trodden in the dust.

What recks the biting agony, the toll
That life exacts of every pilgrim form?
'Twas not for fulsome pleasure we were born,
But for the higher conquests of the soul.
It is enough if we may eat the bread
Of fuller wisdom, and be visited
By holier presences.

ADVENTURE

Though the way seem far, the footing rough,
To breathe life's fuller, life's diviner air,
To catch the vision of some far-off star,
To feel the throbbing of some vital prayer—
The joys no accidents of time can mar—
Are surely, surely recompense enough.

Why murmur we like children, foam and fret;
Because of dallying winds of circumstance?
The very barriers overcome beget
More strengthened sinews for the soul's advance;

Then on and on in greater, vaster courses I'd
pursue

Unrecked, unventured fastnesses, achieve
Some fresh experience elsewhere unguessed,
Respect the old, yet magnify the new;
Let not subservience to the past deceive,
Subvert my feet from journeying forward, lest
My course at last grow faltering or untrue.
Nay, I would trust the stiller voice within,
Nor quail before tradition's august power;
Stagnation's death would be life's foulest sin,
And Ease the beast long waiting to devour.

MANHOOD.



IN days like these
When Mammon claims such
hordes of votaries
And human powers and art
are trained to seize
Material values as the highest goal,
It is refreshing to behold a man
Seeking to compass some diviner plan
Placing life's rightful stress upon the soul.

It is a pleasure great
To know that some within the halls of state
Before a holier shrine than Mammon's wait
The sacred bidding of their King's behest ;
Who see beyond the Present's paltry aims
The Future's vast far-reaching, higher claims,
Perceiving in life's Ultimates life's test.

MANHOOD

Some men we find—
Rail-splitters it may be, who have divined
Truths undiscovered by the common mind—
Whose vision and whose purpose are as one;
Who, steadfast to their deeper natures, feel
The goading impulse of some high ideal—
Timing their pocket-pieces by the sun.
Such lift their forms
Like Redwoods in a common forest,
Mock the storm which sways the little sap-
lings, or which warns
The mariner to venture not at sea;
Deep strike their roots within this earthly clod,
Kissed are their foretops by the winds of God,
Their lofty spirits mighty are and free.

I emulate
Not ravenous souls, howe'er by some called
great
Forsooth, because some curious fortunes wait
Upon their cunning and their crafty skill;
Rather, for me, a lovelier life I choose—
To play the man, though I may seem to lose;
Honor and Faith shall be my good friends still.

TO L. W. G.



SWEET life departed—gentle, pure
and fair,
So fraught with gracious service
for mankind,

In lowliest soil how surely thou wouldst find
Some chance to plant some fadeless blossom
there

Plucked from life's mountains in that purer air
Where thy discernment beauteous buds di-
vined!

Thou, frail of body, yet with heart so strong,
So wise, courageous, kindly, brave and true,
Who found life's goodness peering through its
wrong

And drank the bitter potion of life's rue
With such heroic spirit, yet didst long
For human love which thine could'st kindle
to—

Thou hast a thousand lovers earth bestrewn,
Whose transformed lives shall be thy lasting
tomb.

TO-MORROW.



FANCY when time in the future
shall weigh

On the scales of the ages our little
today,

And the centuries view with unprejudiced
ken

Those conditions which seem to engulf us,
that then,

Could we live in the light of those ages
unborn,

And, from knowledge more perfect, our own
judgments form,

Strangely altered, indeed, would those judg-
ments appear

From the judgments we frame of conditions
while here;

And the deeds we think great and those acts
we deem wise,

Would appear very foolish and small in our
eyes;

While those things we consider of childish
estate,

In the eyes of the aeons of time would be
great.

THE UNIVERSAL CRY.



GIVE me to live a life as free
And wild as a sportsman's life
would be,

A life as pulsing, a life as full
As throbs in the heart of a mighty bull.

Give me to live a life as strong
As lives which to athletes well trained belong;
A life of vision, a life of power,
With roots in the ages and not the hour.

Give me to live the life which dares
Fashion alone from its deeds its prayers,
Mighty of courage to act, to will,
Fearful that nothing without can kill.

Give me to live, to strive, to dare,
Give me my burden of life to bear,
Give me to follow the winding road,
Give me the sinews to lift my load.

Give me of losses and give me of gain,
Give me the riches of joy and pain,
Give me the life abounding, scorn
For what is of fear and of weakness born.

Give me to live, to feel the fires
Of human passions and mad desires;
Give me the powers of self-control,
The might to master a storm-swept soul.

Give me to live, I have no heart
To play but a coward's or a craven's part;
Give me to live, from out this dust
To wage war on the hell of all self-distrust.

Give me to live a life which sees
The folly of sumptuous, well-fed ease;
Give me to live, what'ever the strife,
For life is goodly and God is life.

Then hear me, alone for this I cry;
Give me to live, and not to die.
This is the gift I would have life give,
Give me to live! Give me to live!

UNWORTHY.



TANDING upon the topmost pin-
nacle of time

I view the mighty structure Life
hath wrought

Through all the ages with untiring thought
And deathless energy and wise design,
And am made conscious that the mass sublime
Was framed together at the frightful cost
Of men who toiled and suffered and are lost
Amid the trackless labyrinths of time ;
And I who pluck the fruitage of their pain
And to whose lips their blood is turned to
wine

Fall on my knees and from my heart exclaim
“I am unworthy of this gift of thine ;
I am unworthy” and my speechless sob
Re-echoes still “Unworthy, O my God !”

ANSWERED.



SOUGHT for proof of God, nor
could I rest
Till I had found the object of my
quest.

I studied nature, wrestled wit her laws,
To wrench from her some knowledge of her
cause.

I searched through realms of scientific thought,
To find disclosed the object I had sought.
In earth and air, in sea and sky in vain,
I sought, the object of my search to gain.
In living creatures, from primordial germ,
To man the microcosm to discern
Proof of God's life, I wrought with giant will,
Used every method known to human skill,

Yet wrought so vainly that the very means
 I used to aid me, only mocked my dreams,
 Laughed at my toil and effort, scorned the
 pride,
 Which with a god would have man's life
 allied.

The very Science of the world, but smiled,
 That man, fool man, should be so vain a child.
 Grown old through many anxious days
 And nights of earnest effort, over ways
 It seemed must lead most surely to the goal,
 I so long sought with all my strength of soul;
 Discouraged and disheartened and forlorn,
 As thus I sat, unto my eyes was borne
 The vision of an image wondrous fair,
 Whose magic charm no language may de-
 clare—

And thus the vision spoke: "Science did
 well

To chide thy folly, which would have her tell
 Of things she may not know, much less dis-
 close

To thee, her Lord, though willingly she
 chose—

The secret of God's being rests with thee,
 Thy life, alone, thy life from doubt canst free.

Regard it well, not in its outer form
Of flesh alone, of which thou must be shorn,
Nor yet the wondrous workings of thy brain,
So quick to balance, credit or disclaim;
But in thy natural instincts to possess
The good or ill, the right or wrong redress.
Who gave the thoughts of good or ill to claim
Ere thy small tongue could lisping give them
name?
What then is good? How knowest thou to
choose
The right or wrong—the good or ill refuse?”
And as I listened, conscience loudly spoke—
“I am God’s life in thee,” and I awoke.

A RETROSPECT



FROM the winding water courses
where the tangled grasses
dipped,

From among its mossy boulders
where my childish feet have slipped,
From the sunny, flow'ry meadows where the
berry and the bee
And the blossoms with their fragrance were
companions meet for me.

From the long, stone-fenced, vine-trellised
walls where nature's fingers played,
To where the towering elm tree lifts its giant
arms of shade,
From daisy and from buttercup, from robin,
thrush and wren,
Call voices of a far-off past and I am young
again.

Again the old familiar lane gives welcome to
my tread,
The buzzing bees glean honey from the locusts overhead.
How foolish seems the strife of life and its discordant noise
When measured by the priceless wealth of
childhood's early joys!

Again I see the faces, and the voices now I
hear
Of those beloved ones removed whose memories are so dear;
They seem to speak from out the past as oft
they spoke before,
They speak in memory, though they speak by
word of mouth no more.

My father speaks again to me from out the
distant past
Wherein our lives together in the stream of
life were cast,
Again I catch the accents of those early, far-off days,—
I, who have wandered off so far in such undreamed-of ways.

My early friends, my early hopes, come troop-
ing at my will;
The vase is shattered, but the fragrance of the
rose lifts still;
And though my human eyes I close, with a
diviner sight
I catch the glories of the past undarkened by
the night.
And through it all, unceasingly, I feel the
deathless fire
Of love which reaches outward for the things
of its desire;
And though all goodness prove but ill, and
truth itself a lie,
I know that love will find its own and cannot,
cannot die.

Speak not to me of glory, nor of honor, nor of
power,
Which flourish like the ancient gourd to perish
in an hour;
Speak rather of eternal things, most holy, most
divine,
Ay! Speak of love, the priceless pearl, which
may be yours and mine.

A RETROSPECT

I close the chambers of my heart, my memories stow away;

Again I set myself to meet the duties of the day.

But in the hurried work of life, and when the world seems cold,

I fancy that I'm richer for the wealth those chambers hold.

LIFE'S UNFOLDMENT.



HENCE springs humanity?
Out of the wild,
Out of earth's chaos and seem-
ing inanity
Springeth life's child.
Out of earth's blackness,
Out of its night,
Groping half blindly on
Seeking the light;
Out of its infancy
Prattling and prying,
Peevish and fretful,
Struggling and crying;
Out of the shadows of dread superstition,
Slaves to the ghosts of a long-spent tradition,
Creeping and crawling from grosser conditions
Striving and dying.

LIFE'S UNFOLDMENT

Whither humanity?
Upward and on,—
Much of its ignorance, folly and vanity
Soon will be gone.
Up like the lily,
Which lifts from the slime;
Up like the grasses,
And up like the pine;
Up toward life's brightness;
Patiently plying,
Bent on uprightness,
Living or dying;—
Child of the sod,—
Draw like the stream, though impeded, which
courses
Forth from the springs of its own shallow
sources
On toward the ocean: thus all nature's forces
Draw man to God.

THE PASSING OF THE YEAR.



THE old, old year is dead:
Of all its doubts and all its fears
Of all its pleasures, all its pains,
Of all its sorrows, all its tears,
Naught but the memory remains.

We greet the glad New Year!
Its untried paths we trust may lead
Our stumbling feet in better ways,
And that from out the dead past's seed
May spring a harvest to God's praise.

ULTIMA THULE.



HAVE traversed the world with the
scope of my thought;

I have delved into science, have
labored, have wrought;

I have gone the whole round of creation to
find

The ultimate end for which life was designed.

I stand, as it were, on a cliff by the shore
Of an infinite ocean whose waters, that roar
At my feet, bear strange music from vistas
unknown.

I am far from my quest, I am far from my
home.

Mine eyes rest upon the expanse of the waves;
Though my intellect finds not the knowledge
it craves,

It hath found its own bounds, its own limits,
and yields

To the limitless life which the vision reveals.

ULTIMA THULE

I am humbled by what I behold, yet I stand
Erect as I gaze o'er the sea and the land,
For I know whence I came and I know that
the sea
Hath only unspeakable glories for me.

So I wait and content, though my quest was
denied,
I await the high waters which come with the
tide,
And with their recession, in faith, I believe
On their bosom my soul shall its answer
receive.

THE DEATH OF MOSES.

(After viewing the painting by J. J. Tissot.)



 GREAT Soul! And so thou labored,
 so thou wrought!
And can it be when thou wert
 called to die
Such toil as thine, such fruitage could'st have
 brought,
Such pain, such heartache and such misery?

Thou livedst the life of greatness but thy woe
Of hopes long cherished and yet unfulfilled,
The sheltered life may never, never know,
Which hath not largely hoped and greatly
willed.

THE DEATH OF MOSES

Ah! Man of men the master, and the strong
Of heart and brain to lead God's chosen
band,

Mute now thy lips to speak against the wrong!
Prostrate thy form and empty now thy hand!

Thy face! Oh suffering personified!
No hand untouched by sorrow could portray
Such features—('Twas a master's art which
tried
To trace thy great soul's awful agony).

As there thou liest, emblem of our race,—
Greatest of those who lived and wrought
and won,
Abject despair is pictured on thy face,
Broken thy heart and all thy hopes undone.

And some say, "Heed the lesson, mark it well,
Prison thy hopes and be content, nor try
For Canaan's riches, still in Egypt dwell,
Make humble bricks of clay and earth—
and die."

Nay! Rather let us press along with thee!

Aspire to heaven, seeking lands unknown,
And if it mean great suffering, let it be;—

The lands we seek may be our children's
home!

In all the ages what accounts our pain,

Or what the cup which to our lips is pressed
Outpouring anguish may prove priceless gain,
Be ours the Titan effort,—God's the rest.

MY ENEMY.



MY enemy. Who? What harm
can he do?

How injure my life if its currents
run true?

What matter who come with the sound of the
drum

Demanding subjection! I cannot succumb.
No evil can press me, divert me, distress me
When conscience uprises in honor to bless me.
No fiend can annoy, assail or destroy
A life which hath laid deep foundations for joy.

My enemy? No; it cannot be so;
I only, I only, can bear myself woe;
Those forces which still are permitted to kill
Are flimsiest shadows compared with my will.
It is I, who may say, be it night-time or day;
It is I, not another, directing my way;
It is I, who must win, if my battle be won;
By no friend and no kin can my service be
done.

MY ENEMY

My enemy, then, is not found among men,
But ah! most seductively speaks to me when
Desire bids me not try for the thing that is
 high,
But eases my life with some beautiful lie,
Danger's form I espy, not far distant, but nigh,
And his right nomenclature is I, myself, I!

OPULENCE.



AM rich—

All the wealth of the ages I hold;

All the wealth of all kingdoms,

Uncounted, untold,

Unconjectured, is mine.

And thou thinkest to curse

My life by the theft of the coin from my
purse?

Is such ignorance thine?

Witless Fool! I shall live

As I have lived, but more,

Though I clothe me with rags

And do beg from the door

Of my friends.

I am richer, poor beggar, than thou

Who canst take not the light of

Life's wealth from my brow,

But through tricks seek thy ends.

OPULENCE

I am rich !

I have gathered life's wealth in my store ;

I hunger for goodness, for favor no more ;

I rejoice with today.


Life's great meanings I hold

A treasure I count me more splendid

Than th' gold which fools bury away.

THANKSGIVING.



 NOT only for life's sunshine and its
flowers,
Its ample store of comfort and of
wealth,


Not only for its glad and cheerful hours,
Its full supply of happiness and health,—
Not for these blessings only, would I raise
Father, to thee, my voice of grateful praise.

Father, I thank thee for life's storm and stress;
Father, I thank thee for its bitter tears
Whose only mission was at last to bless
And make me stronger for the future years;
For all life's seeming dark and crooked ways
Which taught me trust in thee, I give thee
praise.

THANKSGIVING

Not for life's friends alone, though true and
rare,
The friends whose lives have seemed to touch
my need;
But for those hours when mortal could not
share
Those deepest thoughts on which I needs
must feed,
Because thou taught me even in those days
To place my hand in thine, I give thee praise.

EVENTIDE.

 **T**IS glorious beside the sea
When lightnings flash and thun-
ders roar,
When tempests in their frenzied
glee

In bold defiance, wild and free,
Lash up the waters on the shore.

'Tis grand upon Niagara's side
To see the rushing torrent flow,
And view the awful foaming tide
So deep, so ponderous, and so wide,
Plunge to the rocky bed below.

At visions such as these how small
Appear the little thoughts of men.
We hear Jehovah's august call
In rushing flood and waterfall,
And when he smites the main.

EVENTIDE

But in the quiet twilight hour,
When nature seems so hushed and still,
When hardly moves a leaf or flower,
Ah, then, behold a greater power
Revealed by Sovereign will.

OUR BABY.



HE was a dainty little flower, too
fragile and too fair
To long subsist on earthly soil or
breathe our worldly air;
She seemed a spirit from the skies, that she
might here make plain
The beauty of self-sacrifice and uncomplaining pain.
She was the soul of gentleness, her nature had
the skill
Of suffering in silent pain, suppression of her
will;
She voiced no cry of bitterness in all life's
bitter hours;
She came to suffer much distress and perish
like the flowers.
She left us, she was dear to us, but well we
know her worth
Shall be remembered as God's gift,—his perfect gift to earth.

FRIENDS.



E'RE friends, just friends! And
yet how vain
To seek to find a lovelier name!

In all the history of man
From savage life of tribal clan
To days when wonders so unfold
Naught seems so worthless as The Old,
One mighty living link still chains
The past with all that yet remains!
One light still shines undimmed and lends
Its beams afar,—The Love of Friends.

We're friends, just friends. You think the
word
Quite old? But yesterday 'twas heard
And poorly uttered,—it is true
There is no other word so new.
We're friends,—the world of man is one,
The least is not unworthy, none
To be the disregarded. All
Together rise, together fall!

FRIENDS

We're friends, just friends but goodlier seems
That word than in our childish dreams,
And years increasing will unfold
New meanings mightier than the old.

A CHRISTMAS GREETING.



LD Time once more hath led away
The seasons of the year,
And sleighbells lightly chime again

For Christmas-tide is here.

The happy old reunion days

With rare good-will have come,

And kindly gifts from loving hearts

Unite us all as one.

The spirit of the Nazarene

Seems born to earth again;

Once more we catch the Heavenly light

Which shone o'er Bethlehem.

Not all our friends of yesteryear

Are spared to us today,

But nothing of their worth, we know,

Can ever pass away.

And so, our dear remaining friends,

We greet you with good cheer,

And wish within our hearts for you

A very glad New Year!

THE ENCHANTRESS.



LISTENED to thy call, Seductive
Art,
Enticing me with music and with
song

To quite forget the burdened human heart,
To quite forget life's sorrow and its wrong,
To float in dreamy cadences away,
To live in other realms, remote, afar,
To well withdraw from earth's insistent day,
To gather music from some distant star;
But in my life great forces seemed combined
To make me sing of sorrow and of death,
Of satisfactions which the soul may find,
Born not of vagrant musings, in a breath,
But rather born of travail and of loss,
Or valorous conflict and of irksome care,
Of struggle under some stupendous cross
Which hath its fuller meanings elsewhere.

GETHSEMANE.



HERE is a way which man hath
trod

For lo! these vast, these countless
years,

It is the way of life, of God,

It is the way of night, of tears,

Its windings we may not foresee,

It is the way—Gethsemane.

It is the way whereby we know

Life's larger meanings and its claims,

The fellowship of human woe,

Our partnership with others' pains.

It is the way which seems to be

Life's only way—Gethsemane.

THE INITIATED.



TO those who truly love, life's way is
beautiful and bright.

They find fresh glories with each
morn, new wonders in each night.
For them a thousand living streams of glad
refreshment flow;
They shape a city in their dreams which none
can overthrow.

Each oush and bird, each shrub and flower,
seem clothed for them anew.

They find the might of hidden power in all
the deeds they do.

They joy alike in sun and rain, in calmness
and in storm,

For they have known life's night of pain and
found its after morn.

For them the tables of the gods with bounties
rich are spread;

They drink life's wine of happiness and eat
her living bread.

THE INITIATED

They are the great of heart and will, whose
purposes are strong;
The tasks unfolding they fulfill which to their
lot belong.

They live, for they are one indeed with all
the great of earth.

The high, the low, all having need, partake
alike their worth.

They are the true, the faithful ones, the dis-
ciplined of mind,

In them alone, earth's dying sons shall full
salvation find.

LIMITATION.



ONCE beheld the ever restless sea,
Goaded to fury by a driving storm,
Roll up its ponderous waves against
the shore,

As though its yawning depths would
swallow up

The land, engulf the mountains, sweep across
The plains, and bury every trace of earth
Within its deeps.

Beheld it quite as well
In its wild frenzy sweep its rigid coast,
As if it had not for ten thousand years
Thus foamed and fretted, torn and dashed its
sides,
In all its awful anguish to be free.

I heard its ceaseless moan as through the night,
Wave after wave, which rolled along the shore,
The unfeeling rocks broke and hurled back
Upon its heaving bosom.

I have seen
Man's ever restless life thus deeply stirred,
Whipped by the tempests and the winds of
time,

Lash up its briny deeps against the walls
Those adamantine walls which hedge it in ;
Have seen its writhing billows surge and roll,
With agony of yearning and desire,
As though it had not thus for myriad years
Tossed, strained and labored, struggling to be
free.

Mine ear hath heard the moaning and the
wail,

As through the anxious watches of the night
Man's restless heart hath wrought alone in
tears ;

And stretching yearning fingers toward the
sky,

Cried forth while echo, only, made reply—
"O Lord, My God!"

LOVE.



AS far as human need exists,
Or echoes call,
Love, limitless, divine, persists
About us all.

Its pulsing waters never tell
Of bounding shore;
They surge and roll and rise and swell
Forevermore.

THE VIKINGS.



ADVENTUROUS mate! We twain
shall cut the crest,
And toss upon the billows of new
seas.

Our keel shall press where never keel hath
pressed,
Nor life beheld such wild discoveries.

We forth upon uncharted seas shall ride
In hopes of mightier knowledge to attain.
We shall attempt life's dark, uncertain tides,
And with our prows plow her unfurrowed
main.

Yea, mate, together we shall farther sail,
Nor be distraught by aught of furious storm,
Our songs of cheer shall swell upon the gale
By which to farther regions we are borne.

And we shall live the robust life and free,
The life triumphant, full of faith, and strong,
Confiding in the goodness of life's sea,
Unfearful of the vengeance of its wrong.

Ay! We shall ride together far and far,
And know each other's voices in the night;
A close companionship with every star
Which lights our course and guides our craft
aright.

And if our timbers cannot stand the strain,
But smitten by the strong seas must go down,
We shall have known the glory of the main,
And each the other's valor ere we drown.

Then on and on, and let the wild winds blow,
Then on and on, we are beyond recall,
The mighty forces of the deep we know
With God's great heaven overarching all.

THE PROCESSIONAL.



IN the darkness sat I musing, when
there wafted on the breeze
Faintest murmurs, as of music, or the
soughing of the trees;
Then they died away in distance, softly soon
again to call
Like the pleasing, gentle murmur of some
distant waterfall;
Then they ceased, and with steady measure
did they seem to rise
Like some human soul outcalling through the
darkness toward the skies.
Weird it seemed, and yet the beauty more
than human words can tell
Seemed to whisper through the night-time,
"All is peaceful; all is well."
Long I waited, partly doubting of mine ear
had rightly heard,
If it were not something other than the outer
sounds which stirred;
Long I waited, long I listened till the sweet-
ness grew more clear,
Human voices now were blending, and were
falling on my ear.

THE PROCESSIONAL

Music 'twas divinely gracious, yet it seemed
sublimely grand,
Slowly rising, upward reaching, outward
spreading o'er the land.
'Twas a song of marchers singing; 'twas a
mighty hymn of praise,
Peace, good-will on earth, and promise of
succeeding brighter days.
Lo! the music nearer stealing while the
countless voices rise,
It is the song of triumph; God is ruling from
his skies.
Long I listened from the distance like a being
quite apart,
But the spirit of the music now hath flooded
all my heart.
The voices now no longer on the outer air do
fall,
They echo and reverberate throughout life's
spacious hall.
They enter her assemblage room, let all the
people rise;
The God of Hosts is with us now not less than
in his skies.
The mighty God is leading on his people as to
war,

THE PROCESSIONAL

The battle is for righteousness, his banner
floats before.

Equality for human rights—let all the people
sing,

Let slavery's bonds be stricken off and love
enthroned king.

Let woman's rights in government no longer
foes assail,

Dispel the bonds of human thought and let
the truth prevail,

Strike, strike at every monstrous wrong that
seeks a place of power!

Death to each beast, however strong, that
waiteth to devour.

Let childhood find its rightful place, and man
his perfect part,

And Love and Joy and Peace and Hope be
regnant in each heart.

Sing, sing, nor let the music die, nor let the
song grow old,

The glory of its loveliness can never quite be
told.

Sing, sing, the night is passing. Lo! The
shadows break away;

Morn floods with light the eastern hills;
Behold the break of day!

DEVELOPMENT.



HERE is beauty in the lily
That lies nestled in the vale;
There is beauty in the fresh new
fallen snow,

But, there's grandeur in the sturdy oak
That mocks the mighty gale
Whose fury laid its weakest neighbor low.

There is sweetness in the innocence
That marks the little child,
That is lost in quiet slumbers on the knee,
But there's glory writ on manhood's brow
Which shows the struggles wild
Through which it wrought with passion to be
free.

The sweet, pure life and innocent
Is beautiful and rare,
Attractive and delightful to behold;
But the lives attaining glory
Which is far beyond compare,
Are the lives, which pain and suffering do
unfold.

DEVELOPMENT

Paths of ease and paths of pleasure
Lead not to the mountain height;
Hearts, which neither bleed nor suffer, cannot
 know
All the fullness of the glory,
All the rapture of the sight,
Of the souls which struggled upward from
 below.

WOMAN.



WOMAN, moving at thy daily
tasks

With all thy patience which the
the years inspire,


Crowning the simple duties of the home
With wealth of meaning otherwise unguessed,
Asking for recompense no rich reward,
No grand immortal monument of fame,
But with the simple knowledge of a love,
Some pitiable reflection of thine own,
Amplly repaid, rejoiced and satisfied:
In thee the Christ still lives and moves the
world.

Thy sacrificial life exemplifies
To man, engrossed in sordid, selfish care,
That character which, centuries ago,
Sprang from neglected earthy soil, yet bore
An image true of heaven.

WOMAN

'Tis in thee,
Queen of our earthly life, He liveth still;
For well we know that, from thy sweet
 example
Of tireless love, of pure and strong devotion,
We frame our noblest thoughts of life and
 God,
And through thee claim some kinship to the
 skies.

A FACE.

 WAS a face I shall never forget,
Years may do what they will,
For though memory serve me
but illy

In thought it will still
Be imprinted; yea, though life depart,
That strange face shall remain;
Its features indelibly etched on my heart,
And I count it but gain.

'Twas not handsome—indeed it was worn;
'Twas a man's who had wrought
Out his course through much struggle, yet
borne

High aloft in his thought
A great purpose, sublime in its scope;
All the features, in fine,
Seemed to mirror the soul with its grand
aspirations and hope,
And reflect the Divine.

A FACE

In my folly I thought man a beast—
But no more—in that face
Was reflected a God, and today one, at least,
Has new hopes for the race;
For the meaning disclosed by those eyes
Was ineffable love.
'Twas no vision of earth; 'twas the light of
the skies
Somehow caught from above.

THE SOWER.



SOWER, in a field, alone,
Went forth to sow. In storm
and sun
He labored on till day was
done,—

The task he deemed his own.

Not his the field, nor his the seed,
But his the task the seed to sow.
Not his to question or to know
The harvest which might be decreed.

His but the duty. His the toil—
The trusted toil on which would wait
A harvest either small or great,
To be determined by the soil.

He sowed—he did not question why
The signs and portents seemed not fair,
His single purpose was to bear
His humble service ere he die.

THE SOWER

His mission, though it seemed not great,
But menial, narrow,—was full grand;
The seed he scattered from his hand
Might on the needs of thousands wait.

And unborn thousands might arise
In future years, whose crying need
Would bless the sowing of that seed,
Nor less the sower's sacrifice.

But whether great results or small,
Or waving harvests which might cheer
The Master's heart the coming year,
Or whether no results at all,

He sowed—the day was wearing late,
He hurried on; he would not stay;
The Voice which held him on his way
Seemed the relentless voice of fate.

Day closed,—impending darkness warned—
The toiler had not left the field;
The morning following revealed
The full task faithfully performed.

But who the sower, can none tell?
And whither did he take his way?
He lived. He wrought. He filled his day
With fruitful toil. He passed—'tis well!

TO A FRIEND.



YOU are my friend, no other name
Conveys a meaning quite the
same.

You are my friend, no power have I
To name a dearer, closer tie.

The choicest treasure earth can send
A mortal is a faithful friend.

What boots the rest?—the gold, the power,
May vanish in an evil hour.

But friendship dearer grows and plays
A holier part with passing days.

EVOLUTION.



N dusty ways, through crowded
streets,
By winding paths, o'er mountains
high,
From varied scenes, athwart great deeps,
A mighty concourse surgeth by.

Whence came they? Let the past awake
And voice the secrets of its breast.
Whence move they? Let the future make
The answer, otherwise unguessed.

They are the actors of today,
Inheritors of all the past,
Within whom, germinating, play
Tomorrow's issues grave and vast.

They come a mighty, growing throng,
From primitive and simple ways,
Blood-stained by ignorance and wrong,
To greet the light of gladder days.

They seem arisen next the stone,
By fish or bird or beast began,
Till only countless ages own
Their sure similitude to man.

Forced on by hunger's fires they ran
O'er desert wastes, through forests wild,
In bloody rivers sank or swam,
Where mortal combat oft beguiled.

Their teachers were Necessity,
Gaunt Hunger, and the Love of Kin,
The Elements, at war without,
And Passion, clamorous within.

And thus they lived, and thus they died,
And thus they wrought, and thus they grew
And thus they struggled, thus they tried
To read life's deeper meanings through.


The love of kin in time began
To comprehend a larger whole,
Till love of every fellowman
Was preached by prophets of the soul.

And ignorance's damning blight,
Whose signet is the skull and bone,
Gave way as wisdom's holy light
Across her gulf of death was thrown.

The darkness hath abated and
The light shines brighter on the way;
It is alone mankind which stands
To cloud the fullness of her day.

Press on! The guerdon is not gained;
Press on! Still greater heights appear;
Press on! The goal is not attained,
Though victory soundeth near.

TO THE INFINITE.

IFE of God, unseen, eternal,
Coursing through the years of
time,
Freely flowing, grand, supernal,
All our lives are fed of thine.

Thine the fullness, never failing,
Which our starving natures need,
Careworn, burdened, faulty, ailing,—
Life of God, on thee we feed.

As the rivers seek the ocean,
Varied though their courses be,
So our lives of wild commotion,
Rest not till they flow to thee.

Ocean of Eternal Blessing,
Purging every earthly shore,
Lo! Our tossing lives are pressing,
Toward thy fullness evermore.

NIGHT.



OD! 'tis night!

No moon! Yet in the mighty
firmament

The stars shine forth resplendent
in the glory

Which no years have dimmed, nor passing
ages lessened.

'Tis indeed the wonder of a thinking mind,
This universe of worlds, speaking to us from
out

The spaces, of the power which holds them in
Their courses, and calls them on in their
respective ways

Forever.

Art angry? Come with me, and in
The silence of the nighttime lift thine eyes
Above, and in the presence of ten thousand
worlds,
Midst which ours is an infant,—cease thy
wrath.

NIGHT

Art busy with thy blocks, or with thy beads?
Have done and stroll an hour beneath the sky,
Recall man's ancient history and conceive
How recent is the advent of our kind
Compared with all those mighty forces which
Do still impel the planets, ponder well—
Perchance 'twill rest thee from thy narrow
 thought,
Compose thy soul and give thee better heart
To undertake the duties of the morrow.

OMNIA SUNT SANCTA.



IN all this world I see no common
thing,
The very clay which pushes from
the soil,
The tiniest flower that blossoms in the sun
Is instinct all with life, the miracle.
Profane, you say, this world of struggling men?
There's nothing more profane than human
thought,
Which would decry creation's travailings,
Clothe with fine splendor unimagined God,
Yet spurn his quivering voice which speaks
to us
From out the very tumult of the street.
There is no secular, and when the night
Of ignorance is wasted and the day
Of hallowed light appears shall men discern
In every shape that crawls upon the earth.

In every creature buried in the deep,
In every form that wingeth through the sky,
An element which is of man a part,
Beneficent, deep-permeating all,
Life, wondrous life, which is the soul of God

THE REVELATION.



HE birds never sang quite so gaily,
The sunshine which peers through
my door
Bringeth gladness and happiness
daily
Where night seemed unbroken before.

The joy, the rare pleasure of living,
These, these are my portion today,
Instead of receiving I'm giving,
For love hath encountered my way.

I rejoice, I am glad,—no more fearful
Of what the great future may send.
Faith aspires, Hope is born, I am cheeful,
For life hath unbosomed a friend,

SUNRISE.



Is the daylight swift approaching?

It is well!

Night too long has been encroaching—

Strange to tell;

Night with all its shapes and fancies,

Sombre scenes and spectral glances,

Lo! The day of light advances,

Night was hell.

Is the sun of knowledge lifting?

Hail the day!

Are life's somber shadows shifting

Quite away?

Let us then be not affrighted

Like some craven souls benighted,

But rejoice and be delighted.

Well we may!

A PENTWATER SUNSET.



PICTURE saidst? Methinks not
long ago
One eve at sunset on a mount
that lo!

As fair a scene unfolded as man's eyes
Have ever witnessed in the sea or skies.
Calm 'twas; far out upon the waters lay
Sailboats at rest. The breezes of the day
Gave place to nature's quiet, and the deep,
Calm and untroubled, waited as in sleep.
Beauty! If ever from a mountain's brow
Mine eyes beheld it, I behold it now
As I recall the memories of that sky
So filled with marvels for my wondering eye.
Such colors blended,—crimson, blue and gold,
Canvas ne'er yet hath yielded powers to hold:
Clouds, sun-appareled, yet did some appear
Dark and prophetic that a storm was near.

A PENTWATER SUNSET

We watched it there together, you and I,
Daylight's departing glory, saw day die,
Saw the great orb which lighted up the day
Dip into darkest cloud and sink away.
A picture wouldst? Well, if I should incline
To label one so matchless and so fair,
I'd call it God's most perfect, most divine.
And bow my head and bathe my soul in
prayer.

WALT WHITMAN.



 FAR from the dry and dusty way,
 The beaten track, the noisy street,
 The towering walls, I stroll
 today
To where life's ocean currents sweep
And ebb and flow in tireless play.

I gaze as far as eye can see,
 I hail the freedom, greet the wild,
Impassioned voices borne to me;
 I find that I am nature's child
And have her spirit, wild and free.

Forgotten is the narrow street,
 The beaten path, the dusty way,
Tired faces I was wont to meet;
 Behold! It is life's holiday,
Great waves are dashing at my feet.


Forgotten? Nay, beheld more true
By means of such perspective vast,
The lens my vision peereth through,
New light upon life's ways hath cast
Revealing glories fresh and new.

Gone are the cares which fret the mind,
The griefs which prey upon the heart,
Life's burdens, lo! today I find
The joys which freely life imparts
To those with simple faith resigned.

Back move I to the world of men
With braver step and firmer tread;
The soul hath found its own again,
The sordid, selfish life is dead,
A breeze seems wafting from God's glen.

NECESSITY.



 ECESSITY, how I did hate thy
power,
Which bound me willy-nilly to
my woe;
Robbed my fair hopes; razed my
secluded bower;
Bade me life's stress and struggle undergo.

How I rebelled, entreated, agonized,
Sought to withdraw and take the fairer way;
But thou didst bind me as a captive prized,
Turned a deaf ear when I besought to stay.

I stumbled in my weakness, cried aloud:
"Hold thou! My cup of bitterness put by,
Let me withdraw from out the tiresome crowd
Wherein I falter, weary, sick to die."

NECESSITY

Stern teacher, all remorseless, thou dost still
Allot thy babes hard lessons in thy school;
Bind heavy burdens, circumvent man's will;
Shape every life by thy mysterious rule.

And yet, and yet, may it not be thy hand
Which, pressing hard upon us, makes to flow
Life fuller, richer, for a needy land,
Joy, deathless joy, where otherwise were
woe?

Strange, strange thy power, may it not be, who
knows,
But we, unthinking, have misguessed thy
name?
Perchance life's King thou art, which by our
throes
His fuller, gracious coming doth proclaim.

Then forward lead; I falter now no more;
I see beyond the present's little day
The far-off reaches of a golden shore,
Toward which mankind through struggle
takes his way.

ENTANGLED.



IN truth I knew her—knew her when
a child,
She seemed so bright, so happy,
yet so wild,
So natural, yet so free.
Free as a bird which, in the open air,
Carols its songs without apparent care
For what is yet to be.

Knew her in after years, as graceful, gay,
And with abounding life she led the way
In dance and game and song.
I knew the cunning, the designing art,
Which led her footsteps on their first false start
In slippery ways of wrong.

ENTANGLED

I met her since—O, calumny of fate!
Baffled and buffeted by scorn and hate,
 The wreckage of the past.
Thrown on the shoals where life's remorseless
 waves,
Ghoul-like cast up the dying from their graves
 Nor let death hold them fast.

I am a man in years—have met the shocks
Of all life's varied fortune and its knocks,
 But when are piled
Upon my thought the memories of that face—
Despairing agony, remorse, disgrace—
 Oh God! I am a child.

Say you she was accursed? Nay, I trow,
Those burning eyes of hers which haunt me
 now
 Refute the lie.
There is a gracious harbor known somewhere
To claim such souls whose misery is their
 prayer,
 And only hope to die.

WITH THY HAND IN MY OWN.



WHEN in thought from the world
Of dire conflict I'm free,
And those visions of rapture
Most lovely I see,
Then my mind paints a picture,
My dear one, of thee
With thy hand in my own.

With thy hand in my own
Would I find my release
From the doubts I have known;
All forebodings would cease
And my soul would have entered
God's heaven of peace
With thy hand in my own.

UNSEEN FORCES.



✻

WE deal with forces vast, com-
pletely hidden,
Which mortals may not see;
But which by every throe of life
seem bidden
To change our destiny.

There is a power, no matter how we term it,
Surrounding all our lives;
A matchless power, though we may not dis-
cern it,
Which human cause defies.

We play with things so idly, seldom choosing
Their real intrinsic worth,
As little children by their folly losing
The priceless things of earth.

UNSEEN FORCES

We have been blinded by a thousand ages
Of ignorance and greed,
Like the untutored groping toward those stages
Whence they may wisely read.

Life's countless voices speak unnumbered lessons,
Most beautiful and grand,
Which with maturer wisdom, keener insight,
We yet shall understand.

THE KNIGHTED.



FEW lead wherever man must go,
A few—the Great, the Strong,
the Brave,
Must dare the storm and dare
the wave
And dare the deeps they may not know.

And dare to trust the Truth which calls
When Error standeth bold without
With brazen shield and sword of doubt
And hurls defiance from her walls.

And dare to lead when craven, weak
And cowardly spirits shrink with fear,
And dare to sing the song of cheer,
And dare their honest thoughts to speak.

'Twas ever thus since life began,
But few first comprehend the right,
The torch of few must shed the light
To guide the onward march of man.

THE EMANCIPATED.



WHAT do we care for the foolish
opinions
Of those who but infantile
knowledge have known?
We, we, who have traversed life's larger
dominions,
And builded in thoughts more eternal our
home.

What do we care for their judgments, their
chidings,
We, who have lived with the masters of old?
What do we care for their scornful deridings,
We, who have gathered life's fullness untold?

What do we care, we, familiar with sorrow,
What do we care, we, companions of pain?
Shall craven fear of an unborn tomorrow
Fetter our spirits or torture our brain?

THE EMANCIPATED

Forward! Exultantly! We shall march
steadily,

Fearlessly, earnestly, bravely and well ;
Hopeful, believingly, honestly, readily
Taking what comes to us—Heaven or Hell.

We are not mocking ones, jesting and simper-
ing,

We are not scornful ones, seekers for wrong,
We are not hapless ones, whining and whim-
pering,

We are life's earnest ones, eager and strong.

Who shall confound us and who shall abase us?

Who shall deter us as forthward we fare?

Man cannot conquer us, devils may face us,

But devils shall quail before mortals which
dare.

DEATH AND LIFE.



HEY die, who live regardless of
their brothers;
Oblivion is sure.
But lives which interpenetrate
each other's
Forever shall endure.

Like eagles, swift and mighty are their pinions
O'er unscaled heights to soar;
They sweep above earth-fettered, dark domin-
ions
In light forever more.

WHY WE BELIEVE IN EQUAL SUFFRAGE:



BECAUSE we believe in human rights,
Not chiefly for the strong;
But rights as well for those oppressed
Who greatly suffer wrong.

Because we believe in brotherhood
And all that term implies;
Because we hate injustice
And oppression much despise.

Because the time is ripe for truth
And ripe for worthy deeds;
Because of man's necessities
And woman's urgent needs.

Because of childhood yet unborn
And rights which should be theirs;
Because 'tis time for action now
And past the time for prayers.

WHY WE BELIEVE IN EQUAL SUFFRAGE

Because we count it now the time
When human strife should cease ;
Because we believe it means a stride
Toward universal peace.

THE GAMBLER.



HE played for higher stakes than
worldly gain;
He played for other prizes than
success,
He played a princely hand
through poignant pain—
Pain unremitting—pain without redress.

He early played for what he hoped to win—
A love for which he vainly dreamed and
sighed;
But now he played while Hell-fire raged
within—
For but one drop of mercy from his bride.

He played his fortune—that was quickly lost;
He played his reputation and his skill;
He still played on, though noting now the
cost—
A worthy manhood and an honest will

THE GAMBLER

God pity him—the gambler in life's game,
Who lost while playing for the best he knew.
The game goes on—how many lose the same!
The winners of life's stakes, how strangely
few!

THE CONFLICT.



HALT? Falter? Never!
Midst battle smoke and roar and
tongue of fire,
Onward, forever!
On! On! Against the foe!
On! Counting naught the woe!
On! By God's grace we'll go
With fresh endeavor.

Tire? Weary? Rest us?
Nay, while strength lasts, up! Forth, and
ever dare,
Let men detest us!
Strike like a warrior bold!
Grasp nor relax thy hold!
Smite ere the day grow old
And night arrest us!

THE CONFLICT

Quick, strong and daring !
Out from the halting and the idle throng
Waiting, not caring,
Fly like an iron ball
Hurled at the fortress wall !
Hear ye the cannon's call ?
Fight ye, naught sparing !

Rageth the battle !
Into those jaws which like Hell seem to gape
Plunge like mad cattle !
Ha ! Laugh ! A thousand die !
Ha ! Laugh ! The end is nigh.
Joy, if thy victor's cry
Drown our death rattle !

OLD AGE.



WITH joy I wait the waning year,
Nor doubt the good 'twill
bring,
For Autumn hath filled granaries
If not the flowers of Spring.

And richer treasures, which abide,
Within her lap are laid,
Than all the wealth of loveliness
Which Springtime's art displayed.

I glory in the reddening leaf
And in the fading flower,
For life within the garnered sheaf
Is multiplied with power.

And though the storms of winter break
Across a darkened sky,
I know a larger life doth wait,
Which was not born to die.

WHEN THE NIGHT CLOSES IN.



✧

HEN the night closes in, let no
mourners appear,
Let no tears be outpoured, let no
weepers be near,
Let no words of lament be pro-
nounced o'er my bier
When the night closes in.

When the night closes in, let some glad song of
morn,
As a song of great hope or of triumph be
borne,
Like the song of a bird coming after the
storm,
When the night closes in.

WHEN THE NIGHT CLOSES IN

When the night closes in, let me have one
friend nigh,
Whom I loved while I lived, to attend as I
die;
And a glimpse of God's glorious star-
studded sky,—
When the night closes in.

When the night closes in, let the word then be
said
That nothing of value departs with the dead,
But life more abundant is born in its stead,
When the night closes in.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.



A 000 664 147 6

